Petr. Sir heres the doore, this is *Lucentios* houſe,
My Fathers beares more toward the Market-place,
Thither muſt I and heere I leaue y u ſir.

Vin. You ſhall not choote but drinke before you go,
I thinke I ſhall command your welcome here;
And by all likelihood ſome cheere is toward. *Knock.*

Grem. They're buſie within, you were beſt knocke lowder.

Pedant lookes out of the window.

Ped, What's he that knockes as he would beate downe the gate?

Vin. Is Signior *Lucentio* within ſir?

Ped. He's within ſir, but not to be ſpoken withall.

Vinc. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two to make merrie withall.

Ped. Keepe your hundred pounds to your ſelfe, he ſhall neede none ſo long as I liue.

Petr. Nay, I told you your ſonne was beloued in *Padua*: doe you heare ſir, to leaue friuolous circumſtances, I pray you tell Signior *Lucentio* that his Father is come from *Piſa*, and is heere at the doore to ſpeake with him.

Ped. Thou lieſt his Father is come from *Padua*, and here looking out of the window.

Vin. Art thou his Father?

Ped. I ſir, ſo his mother ſayes if I may beleeue her.

Petr. Why how now Gentleman; why this is flat knaueric to take vpon you an other mans name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villaine, I beleeue a meanes to cozen ſome bodie in this Citie vnder my countenance.

Enter Biondello.

Bion. I haue ſeene them in the Church together, God ſend them good ſh pping: but who is heere? mine old Maſter *Vincentio*: now we are vndone and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither crackhempe.

Bion. I hope I may chooſe Sir.

Vin. Come hither you rogue, what haue you forgot mee?

Biond. Forgot you, no ſir: I could not forget you, for I neuer ſaw you before in all my life.

Vinc. What, you notorius villaine, didſt thou neuer ſee thy Miſtris father, *Vincentio*;

Bion.

Bion. What my worſhipfull
where he lookes out of the wind
Vin. Iſt ſo indeede. *He be*
Bion. Helpe, helpe, helpe,
Pedan. Help, ſonne, helpe
Pet. Prethee *Kate* let's ſta
controuerſie.

Enter Pedant with ſeruants

Tra. Sir what are you that c
Vinc. What am I ſir: nay wh
oh fine villaine, a ſilken dou
and a paraine hat: oh I am v
the good husband at home, m
at the vniuerſitie.
Tra. How now what's the m
Bapt. What is the man lunat
Tra. Sir, you ſeeme a ſober
but your words ſhew you amad
if I weare Pearle and gold: I th
to maintaine it.
Vin. Thy father: oh villaine,
Bap. You Miſtake ſir, you mi
is his name?
Vin. His name, as if I kne
him vp euer ſince he was three y
Ped. Awaie, away mad aſſe,
mine onelie ſonne and heire to t
Vin. *Lucentio*, oh he hath
him I charge you in the Dukes
tell me thou villaine, where is m
Tra. Call forth an officer: Ca
Father *Baptiſta*, I charge you ſe
Vinc. Carrie mee to the Iaile
Gre. Staie officer, he ſhall no
Bap. Talke not ſignior *Grem*
Gre. Take heede ſignior *Ba*
this buſineſſe: I dare ſweare this
Ped. Sweare if thou dar'ſt,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12